NEW YORK, NARCISSUSLIKE, USES BROADWAY AS A MIRROR

Falls in Love With Its Reflection, a Picture of the City's Life as True as Any Shown by a Small Town's Main Street-Types of Men and Women Reveal Plainly the Sections Whence They Come

By JANE DIXON.

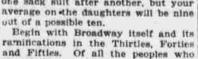
"HAT we want," said the editor, leaning back in his chair and expanding as only editors can do, "are stories that reflect the life of the town. Plenty of Forty-second street and Broadway, that's the idea. You know how every small town has a Main street. You small town has a Main street. You the Morning Gazette as having passed taken for a Bronnix output than extra can walk up Main street and tell excan walk up Main street and tell ex-actly what kind of a town it is. Broad-several times the same day along the one piece serge or her swagger cloth

self to the subway station and fought evokes admiration along of a couple of crushed toes, a left el- tricity the more extreme the admirabow jab in the solar plexus and six tion. In the case of the bearskin coat

the lemon sherbert at Mrs. Riche's dry can be mistaken for May wine.

Broadway reflects the life of New the metropolis. Here is the land or alle will drag forth the trusty summer York as truly as did the fountain over do as you please, say what you please, furs and swathe them around her which Narcissus bent mirror the face go where you please. So long as you steaming body, of that unfortunate youth. And like keep moving, learn the wigwag lan-Narcissus, New York falls in love with guage of the traffic policeman and keep its own reflection. But it does not beyond the baneful glare of the green pine away and die therefrom. Instead lights you are a free and untrammelies if becomes so enamored of itself that soul. You are privileged to eat roast it shoots into fourth speed and burns turkey with dressing for breakfast and up all the roads in the world race for soft boiled eggs for dinner. You may health, wealth and happiness. Or it wear white flannel trousers and go drops into the nearest gilded garden without a hat in February, and if it is tells Lucien, the head waiter, to your pleasure to don a bearskin coat send a portion of lobster salad with on the hottest day of July no one is something tall and cold and tinkly on going to say anything to you about it. He side.

They may think you are a bit eccentric, but this will not be held against mutterings of the editor, I betook my- you. On the contrary, eccentricity way to an uptown trench. Outside Byway. The more extreme the eccen-



way is the Main street of New York." Right marks her a social pariah. She suit. Se far as she is concerned dimity the editor was right. Editors always are. If they are not, you gurgle an eager approval at them anyhow, then go around the corner and do your the life of the small town.

And as cramped Main street of the life a nice, sticky day in mid-July, and cussing in private. But in this case small town reflects the narrow life of she will revel in the hot cling of cloth he was absolvely and positutely right. the town, so does hig, beautiful, brill-cut to shock the sensibilities of the lant Broadway reflect the life of rane. From a hatbox under the bed

Next comes the hat. No floppy leg



"In a Yale blue suit donned with a shoehorn."

orn with pink roses and forget-menots scattered over the brim. No black be content with the lowly fox, though ace straw with an American Beauty to give dash. None of those cornflower and poppy and daisy and buttercup combinations hinting of golden har- Ryway. Her heels are a little higher, vests to be. Nothing in the way of her skirts a little shorter and tighter, shirred chiffons or lacy lingeries, her shoulders a little narrower, her What, a straw hat after the Fourth of hats a little closer, her hips a little red-July? Absurd. Such things are for der than any in New York. Her dia-December and January. But now that monds may not count so much in the warm weather is here, it is time color, but when it comes to carats to look to the velvets, the felts, the they are there like a couple of English silks and satins. Give her a tight walnuts. velvet turban, one which fits around her brow like a burning band, and she will be as happy as a peacock with a

strands of beads lost from the tassel the most Broadway would do is to pigeon wing brown or doughboy drab or something equally alluring. Any one can wear an ordinary tan dress.

With the persuasive personancy cans to the mechanican to the mechanican to the mechanican to the mechanican to the most needed. Her gowns incline to the woolworth Building twice a day one can wear an ordinary tan dress. But a gown, doughboy drab—that is vere, for though she has been true to for the movies. The Wherein does the Great White Way another matter quite.

reflect the life of New York? It is always a keen pleasure to refer to tion. Betty hies her to the beotery, Mair street, Manhattan, as the Great where for the price of a pearl necklace manager can ferret out an extra ounce moon, is not Willie Astorbilt. He is absolutely uncanny. Bouffant silks only her manager. lightfully wicked. When the folks patent leather pumps. The pumps are and wraps thrown with studied care- Who comes here? A girl in pink back home read about it in those terms built like a house in a tide water they see that the bolts on the windows marsh, on stilts. No one except a toe the effect of chicken a la king at mid- hat. This is not Broadway stuff. You So This Is Main Street!

So this is Main street, New York

Are secure for the night and order out another bottle of sarsaparilla from the tester along on them without cracking is her secret of sustained success.

Nor must we forget the eternal in-

Main street, the reflector of life in my own home town back in Ohio. There of our city no more eloquent picture the principal items of interest are principal items of interest are stelly shown the principal items of interest are could be reflected than in its clothes. But it is in millinery that Betty is married and lives out in Kansas, really shines. Initiative and courage the principal items of interest are stelly shown them. Should be reflected than in its clothes. By their clothes ye shall know them. Should from every angle of her hat. Should be principal items of interest are could be reflected than in its clothes. But it is in millinery that Betty is married and lives out in Kansas, really shines. Initiative and courage the unit is in millinery that Betty is married and lives out in Kansas, really shines. Initiative and courage the unit is should from every angle of her hat. Should be principal items of interest are could be reflected than in its clothes. It has been some time to be a some time since the ball bag before the unit in the ball bag before the unit in the ball bag before the worked on that is too by her growning. Should be a should be something cute to shabbiness. It has the curis. The last time daughter, who west.

You will know Miss Fifth Avenue to the theatre to see mother she been some time to be the been some time to be place to the ball bag before the unit in the ball bag before the worked on that it is in milliant and the curis. The curis. The last time daughter, who does not the curis. The curis are the curis are the curis. The curis are the curis. The curis are the curis. The curis are the curis are the curis are the curis. The curis are If we accept Broadway as the mirror stockings.

it to bob coyly behind her ear, where | Who could be so thick as to miss total of her age. Her mushroom hat is coat is belted and buckled half way gracefully, self-possessed. The very between the waistline and the armpits. trians who have no respect for the rose, sometimes combined with white, her chin sharply skyward is she en- have been truly appreciative of genius dezvous.

sessor of a sable shoulder cape. If not diamond. sable, one of the lesser furs will do. Otherwise she is compelled to shiver along in the July heat with nothing between her and the thermometer except a scarf of moleskin or ermine. There have been cases where she must she felt the sting of poverty with every passing breeze.

Chronic Leading Lady a Rival. we set of feathers.

Broadway Betty, 1917 edition, is invariably in tan. Tan is not the color mentioned in the nifty black and white striped shop where Betty goes bankrupt. There the oily tongued person with the persuasive personality calls it bigeon wing brown or doughboy drab Having acquired the doughboy crea-few superfluous pounds will creep out ago confided to a friend he dropped

will be able to call the district in seif-respecting Paradise feather should, the moment you gampse her. She which native sons and daughters live. Instead it is fastened a few inches wears a black velvet ribbon chin strap.

There have been numerous cases upbrown are perfectly arched. Her nails with vinage. No notice wears a black velvet ribbon chin strap town of women guests arriving to dinarre pink with just a suspicion of a of the curious colony would bother known generally as such. The length of street between Cun- You may go wrong now and again on above the left eyebrow and made to and cunning slippers with straps.

it clips at least five years from the sum the Broadway beau? His pinchback miss her. She glides along quietly, collision with hurried pedes- His linen is inclined to the hello or strocities of fashion. Only by tilting but just as often not. If the managers although you know it was ultra smart. d to know she has reached the his display of personal jewelry would Claridge, her favorite luncheon ren- never condemn him to the position of shrinking violet. His russet half shoes Lucky Betty if she is the proud pos- take a higher polish than the Hope

"You know Miss Fifth Avenue

by her grooming."

Works His Stage Wardrobe.

Broadway in the morning the wearer clip numerous coupons from her is more likely to be a victim of neces- stocks and bonds. For the price of sity than a stickler for form. He has one of those simple frocks it is posprobably had a bad season and is working his stage wardrobe overtime. A fellow in a Yale blue suit donned Betty is the queen bee of the Big with the aid of a shoe horn, and a black ribbon mounted with his monogram in diamonds by way of a watch chain, is from the Palace Theatre. The blue suit without the diamond monogram signifies vaudeville, but not the Palace Theutre. Such assets are for the big time boys.

Do not overlook the man with the gray at his temples and the shiny suit barging at the knees. He is undoubtedly a banker, a broker, or a merchant Do not gather that Betty is left to prince who has strolled over to the

the author of "Eat and Grow Thin," a checked suit with her, who a moment

lessness across shoulders to conceal linen, rubber soled shoes and a sport

"So far as she is concerned, dimity dresses no longer exist." Miss Fifth avenue. You cannot For the life of you you cannot re-member what it was she was wearing, No doubt it was a triumph from one of those \$300 a throw Avenue tailors. You did not recognize the cloth. That is not your fault. It is a specialty from a foreign loom, the only piece of its kind in America, imported for this momentous occasion. How simple the whole thing was. Yes, and with If you sight a frock coat along the simplicity which causes miladi to

in harmony with her surroundings.

you have your loyalists.



size of their check books.

Washington Square. You can tell it

"Working his stage wardrobe overtime.



"Where shadows are most needed."

an ankle.* A blind man would have Nor must we forget the eternal indifficulty in missing the clocks on her genue with the Empire waistline and Heights. You will scarcely believe it, sible to buy several dozens of the Her green velveteen dress is worn the curis. The last time daughter, who Betty Broadway, but sweaters ere folde rol affairs seen only a block threadbare. The black of her artist's la carried off the field by a player in the married and lives out in Kansas, much vogue up along Riverside Drive. west.

Joe's teeream parlor. Stoll's shoe street for a while. Give passers the store is to Marion, Ohio, what the main up and down. If you are acquainted started before the ninth gets started. Morestore is to Marion, Ohio, what the main up and down. If you are acquainted to sit up and down. If you are acquainted to sit up and down. If you are acquainted to sit up and down. If you are acquainted to sit up and down. If you are acquainted to sit up and down. If you are acquainted to sit up and down. If you are acquainted to sit up and down. If you are acquainted to sit up and down. If you will recognize the eternal ingenue you sweltering in your furs and velocity and the moment you glimpse her. She will be able to call the district in self-respecting Paradise feather should. This bobbing of hair has come to be over, the ball bag in which the game plexion is without blemish. Her eye-There have been numerous cases up- brows are perfectly arched. Her nails wich Village. No bona fide member has been named the game bag and is

her dressed in dotted Swiss. I know, polish. She is given to wearing tight with Psyche knots or Dutch Betty, you had forgotten there was such an animal. Gingham gowns are as fre- You can no more remember her hat Quartier Latin, you know. The price quent in the Seventies and Eighties than you did her dress. It was beas bare knoes above half hose are in the upper Thirties, and there are as dip too far to one side or the other. The did not place among the artists of the district many aport skirts in the Eighties as It was art. High art. About a half brush and do not know chrome yellow from Indian red. A smock or any there are short skirts on Sporty-seventh a hundred dollars high.

street. The uptown girl plays tennia. Feet are a point of Avenue identifisacklike garment of weird shade with She goes for long walks in the park cation. For two or three seasons now cabalistic or cubist figures dabbled or along the river. She rides. She there has been a game going amona here and there will put the final touch

golfs. She lunches and dines at home the gold spoon girls to see which can or in the home of a friend. She dresses wear the longest, narrowest, pointiest Men of Greenwich Village, especially shoes. Most exciting, especially for such as inhabit studios or garrets, Some there are, Betty Broadway, who the bootmaker. If this continues we favor soft shirts with collars attached. prefer her to you, though of course, may expect a smart set wearing skils Any tailor in the district trying to for sandals. A platinum wrist watch travel to wealth via the pressing inbounded by diamonds and tan walking dustry is going to get lost by the way-Who is there so mundane as shoes with common sense heels often side Indicate the daughters of the wealthy would interrupt the creation of a district. The men are distinguished by clothes which hug the form but do nating," late sensation of the Indenot pinch the back and by the swing pendent Artists Exhibit, to get creases of their walking sticks. Also by the pressed in a pair of pants? And why Lother about a trifle like shoe laces That girl in the orange colored when there are sandals to be slid into smock and the wide garden hat wound and spaghetti is waiting to tickle the round with a crimson sash is from palate around at the Black Cat?

No reason at all. Very well, then, by her bobbed hair. Besides, who but Pile the unwashed breakfast dishes in one with the soul of an artist would the sink and let them walt until todare combine orange and crimson in morrow. Where's the trusty old gray such a manner? Her skirt is decidedly fedora? Aha! over there in the corner saggy in the back. What cares one? under the broken palette and discarded She has no time for such trifles. And brushes. Come here, old pal. I'm going the thin mite of femininity with her, to take you out for a feed. You look pinched of face, with burning eyes, as if you need it, and a Turkish bath, too. Maybe I'll stake you to one if the editor buys that cover design to-mor-

Hats? A mere matter of location. A millinery store on the East Side is much in the same position as an ice plant in Iceland, and about as useful, That mother with the sunkissed skin and the shawl around her shoulders is from Mulberry Bend. Her dress of black sateen is brand new. In it she is happier than many a dainty dollwho brushes by in fure that would buy for mother a farm in her beloved Italy and make her comfortable for life. She is beautifully unconscious of her bare head. A hat to her is a luxary, not a necessity.

Rosie, her girl, she must cover her head with foolishness. Rosie in her dress of watermelon pink and her hat with the red red rose. If they could see Rosie back there, so stylish, such. a young lady. Not in all the street is there a dress so pink as Rosie's. Almost like silk it looks-

But why she should cover her hair, black and glossy, with the American hat when the sun shines. Foolish Rosle! When she marries Pietro and keeps her own house then she will stop such nonsense. None of the wives has time to bother with hats and red. red roses. It is only the young ones get spoiled with this America. Soon Rosie will throw a shawl around her shoulders cool evenings and leave her head bare like a sensible Italian girl should. She will not want that she irag her mother so far to this wicked Broadway, where they wear silks and satins like a queen.

Only a few reflections in the mirror. Along the Gay Way are many more as typical. Try sifting them out for yourself. You will be surprised at the pictures in the glass. Nowhere in the world will you find them so diverse, so true, so real as in the shining surface of Breedury. face of Broadway.

THE GAME BAG.

EW of the hundreds of thousands of baseball funs who visit the Polo Grounds in the course of a eason to see their favorites, the Giants, perform are aware that there is special significance in the custom of a player's running across the field from the Giants' bench to the clubhouses with the ball bag in his hand when the home team is leading in runs made at the start of the ninth inning. The general impression among the fans is that the player carrying the bag is a fortunate individual because his early leaving will permit him to get to the showers before the others. who must wall until the game is over. The incident attracts attention and causes some discussion, but the writer never has heard any one in the stands state the correct reason.

Before explaining the true reason it must be understood that bell players as a class are extremely superstitious. They believe in jinxes and charms The Giants' pet superstition is that if is reached the opponents cannot over-

That's why the player carrying the

TELLS HOW DRAW POKER SUPERSEDED THE ANCIENT GAME OF FARO bleedged to live with their wife. If he don't git along with her all's he's he don't git along with her all's he's he don't git along with her all's he's an' git a other on if he's fool enough an' git a other on if he's fool enough to want one, an', they won't be nothin' all do him fo' it. I don't see no 'dvartages into civilization whats' and git a other on if he's fool enough to want one, an', they won't be nothin' and git a other one if he's fool enough to want one, an', they won't be nothin' and git a other one if he's fool enough to bline or if he's fool enough to want one, an', they won't be nothin' and the bill the days, an' the whites was Isr'ein balked at the opportunities for argument. "Can't be no d'spute," he said, "but "Can't be no d'spute," he said, "but "Co'c' oc'se that wan't nachul, but they wan't no b'ginnin's, sayin' what this Moses person was a no effo't made fo' to stop him when been so, even if 'twa'n't. Hiat'ry's crocked player. Went shy whenever where to," was the answer, "on'y so spend of a man." "Sho was," said the old man as if sperior kyind of a man." "Sho was," said the old man as if sperior kyind of a man." "Sho was," said the old man as if sperior kyind of a man." "Sho was," said the old man as if sperior kyind of a man." "They ain't no sich place," said Mr. "They ain't no sich place, said Jake Winterbottom thoughtilly. "They ain't no civilization whats' so was new the see

By DAVID A. CURTIS.

Mization is nigh bout the best thing ever happened the human race.

Insisted on turning the pages or

his paper every third second and a

edge. I was wafted by violent ferks

scaped to the street. The first breath

of air in twenty minutes was sweet to

dise, the Paradise of our dreams.

Broadway looked like Para-

The thought came of another ripation!

and slides to Times Square. Here I

"Betty Broadway, some prefer her to you."

"Take them nations what ain't civ fifzed an' what be they? Mo'n half on balked at the opportunities for argu-'em is ign'ant savages what goes ment. 'round naked, shootin' pizened arrers what they is responsibilities pertainin' got to make the best of it. Some has into each other, an' eatin' each others to civilization, but they is ways o' to suffer, but tooken by an' large, it's "Ev'ybody was a playin' faro, like daid bodies 'long o' not havin' proper gittin' out of 'em." victuals. Stands to reason what they can't be nothin' did with 'em on'y fo' to trompie 'em out like yo' do rattlemakes an' other varmints when they c'n be got at."

"Mebbbe so," said Sam Pearsall gleomily, "but they is some 'dvantages thing savages don't have to pay no takes made in civilization, same's they in old man Greenlaw's little saloon in about things right sensible. First off, if glad to turn away from the dis- an' he win out at the cend, even if it an' they hankered fo' them fleshpois made a bad break, and as if to cover thing savages don't have to pay no is into most ey'ythin' else, an' prob'ly Arkansas City, and Mr. Blaisdell and he begin buckin' fare his ownself, an' turbing thought suggested by Basdid tooken him fo'ty year to do it."

taxes. Cost me fo'teen dollars last marriage is one on 'em. I ain't p'pared Mr. Winterbottom and Mr. Bassett him bein' prob'ly the on'y man what sett. "First off, he done sp'iled the "Well, if he done win out, th'ain' year fo' to 'shabit my own home. I'd say what 'tain't the wu'st one they had listened with their usual indif'a' been that much in anyways if it is, but they ain't no law c'mpels a man ference to the old man's opening rewin out. Don't sound reas'nable, but "Pears they was p'parin' fo' to build dell, "but that sho' was a long settin'. It 'xac'ly thataway, but stands to rea"Bein's th' Isr'elites was the Lawd's
"Bein's th' Isr'elites was the Lawd's 'a' been that much in anyways if it is, but they ain't no law c'mpels a man ference to the old man's opening re- win out. Don't sound reas nable, but civilization."

o'd have no house to live into. That's to an argument,

other things too," he said him to light out." ill more gloomily. "Ign'ant savages, "When ordin' to what I onderstands, sin't cagerly.

said old man .Greenlaw an' git a other one if he's fool enough him." thoughtfully, "I reckon civ- to want one, an' they won't be nothin'

gested the old man.

d'vo'ce, not 'thouten ste got it her I reckon it'd 'a' been played mo' 'r less wads 's fast 's they got 'em, buckin' own self, an' th'ain't no hopes o' that." even if they hadn't never been no ag'in faro, an' that ken' 'am no' "Mebbe that's so," said the old man. civilization." bout bein' a ign'ant savage. Fo' one "Undoubtedless they's been some mis-

"Well, th'ain't no disputin' that," said then they ain't no help fo' him, but reference to draw poker was a chai- play, like they does now, ev'ry time. ne old men, admitting the point hand- even at that, they's compensations. It lenge they could not ignore, and if 'ndured no longer, th' on'y thing is fo' was a pursuit.

cittin' out of 'em."

prob'ly the best c'n be did. Likely I said, an' Moses seen what the whites bein' blasphemious. If they was to be "I ain't a sayin' what it's reas'n-fare games runnin' an' the on'y thing never tried to "As what?" asked Pearsall, as one they wouldn't never 'a' been no draw didn't had no chanst ag'in the savages much of it did it'd sp'ile all the hist'ry able," said the old man highly exaswho has little hope but great interest. poker if it hadn't 'a' been fo' civilizatinto no sich game as that, fare bein' ever was wrote. They ain't no men"Well, they's d'vo'ce co'ts," sugtion." the on'y game they is what's
nachul.

"Hist'ry don't tell it thataway," said was wuth the trouble."

lites mix a mess o' straw in the bakin'

"Ev'ybody was a playin' faro, like said sternly, "an' it comes tol'able nigh seif."

"He must 'a' knowed, though, what so the bricks wa'n't no good, an' he they is now," said the old man. "Some pots?" demanded Bialsdell. "I never "Sine't then poker an' civilization is mely. "Taxes sho is the white man's helps to perpetuate the race, an' some- Mr. Blaisdell had not spoken one of faro wasn't no kyind of a game fo' a kep' on doin' stunts like that, till the o' them old patriots lived nigh bout a heer'd on 'em, afo'." white man, bein's 'tain't nothin' but gamblin' nohow, so 'nstid o' learnin' likely of to be tooken into c'nsideration."

But Mr. Penrsall refused to be drawn

Tax s and is the white man, bein's 'tain't nothin' but gamblin' nohow, so 'nstid o' learnin' likes wa'n't no d'sirable slaves, an' first off, just nachully he's got to suffer fo' it. Just the others would almost certainly white man, bein's 'tain't nothin' but gamblin' nohow, so 'nstid o' learnin' lites wa'n't no d'sirable slaves, an' first off, just nachully he's got to suffer fo' it. Just the others would almost certainly white man, bein's 'tain't nothin' but gamblin' nohow, so 'nstid o' learnin' lites wa'n't no d'sirable slaves, an' first off, just nachully he's got to suffer fo' it. Just nachully then and years afo' they creaked, an' 'They wouldn't be no way o' tellin' lites wa'n't no d'sirable slaves, an' lites wa'n't no longer'n a week or so."

When the others would almost certainly white man, bein' s' tain't nothin' but gamblin' nohow, so 'nstid o' learnin' lites wa'n't no longer'n a week or so."

They was magicians them days, an' the others would almost certainly white man, bein' s' tain't nothin' but gamblin' nohow, so 'nstid o' learnin' lites wa'n't no d'sirable slaves, an' lites wa'n't no longer'n a week or so."

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fo'ty years to do it, but 'pears like it Moses was one on 'sm, an' he begin ain't p'pared to say what I b'lieves it." Pears the Isr'elites done changed their 'om by an' large. They's 'xceptions, was wuth the trouble." Well, I reckon names later on an' called theirselfs but gen'ly speakin' if they's Jews set-"Hist'ry don't tell it that way," said was with the old man. "They ain't nothin' said "Back up!" exclaimed Joe Bassett, "Gyptians mo' an' mo', till they was body reely b'lieves it," said the old Jews like they does to-day, an' they tin' in th'ain't nobedy else got much about the fust beginnin's o' poker. somewhat rudely. "Yo' all was a Jew named Lock what was a Jew named Lock what was a of a chanst."

ent.

"Can't be no d'apute," he said. "Pint is what civilization of the said. "Pint is what civilization out in the said." Pint is what civilization out in the said. "Pint is what civilization out in the said." Pint is what civilization out in the said. "Pint is what civilization out in the said." Pint is what civilization out in the said. "Pint is what civilization out in the said." Pint is what civilization out in the said. "Pint is what civilization out in the said." Pint is what civilization out in the said. "Pint is what civilization out in the said." Pint is what civilization out in the said. "Pint is what civilization o

"I ain't a sayin' what it's reas'n- fare games runnin' an' the on'y thing never tried to interjuce it into the "I dunno bout that," said Jim Blais- The whites was doin all the work so it stands to reason Moses wa'n't been did thataway. If yo' all an' Joe civilization."

| "This yer Moses 'pears to been a at the interruption." | mought 'a' set about it mo' sensible, done played fleshpots with the 'GypThe usual company was assembled s'perior kyind of a man an' he set | "A hellova lot," said the old man as but I'm a tellin' yo' uns what he done, tians when they wa'n't playin' fare. Even Bassett realized that he had "Well, if he done win out, th'ain't so Moses done learned 'em to play

"They was mo' time them days 'n

in the wilderness where they wa'nt no legitimate poker, so they ain't nobody

"What kyind o' play was them flesh- markable well.

Joe Bassett's eyes gleamed suddenly "I wouldn't mind playin' that rule "He didn't had no easy job of it. Just one't if One Eye was settin' into "D'yo'ce hell!" exclaimed Pearsall dell doubtfully. "Draw poker pears what was did, an' they was makin' all one on 'em, an' what he done even-angrily. "She wouldn't reco'nize no to be the nachul p'suit o' mankyind. The money, but they done lose their chal proves it."

Bassett keeps on pickin' at it like yo's bein's the Good Book says they was the game." he said. "I wouldn't keer a doin', they won't be nothin' left of it. "What was it he done?" saked Jake an' the hull plan o' civilization is liable they must 'a' been some kyind of a mere thought of the one eyed man was Winterbottom as if a little impatient fo' to be d'stroyed. Mebbe Moses poker game even in Egypt, fo' the painful to the others and there was

After the bottle was put back on the

marks. They had been only mildly in- I reckon he must 'a' had a system, the pyramids, an' the pyramids, and the pyramids badn't 'a' been fo what yo' all calls to git married.

"He don't have to, 'thouten some terested though somewhat amused by civilization."

"They had been only mildy in- the princip' in the days. I reckon the dealers dustry o' the country was makin' kep' on mo'n fo' or five days, my own mention o' fleshpots a'ter that, on'y woman gits her eye sot on him, an' the princip' in the days. I reckon the dealers dustry o' the country was makin' kep' on mo'n fo' or five days, my own mention o' fleshpots a'ter that, on'y self."

Mr. Pearsail's interruption, but the hadn't learnt how to beat a system bricks. So he done made the Isr'e- self."

done went hand in hand. Just pach-